## HERZ IN HIS HOTEL-PRISON.

THE EFFORTS OF THE FRENCH TO SECURE HIS PAPERS PREVENTED BY THE BRIT-ISH AUTHORITIES

Bournemouth, January 25. Dr. Cornelius Herz, who is now both sick and in prison-in a hotel here-has come in a startling manner before the public since the suicide of Baron It has dawned on those who were in the inner circles of French, and, indeed, European politics, that he was a man who held some very strong cards and knew how to play them. But few who knew the wire-pulling world of Paris bad any idea that he played so great an underhand part in public affairs. He is, or was, an ambitious man, for his health is now so broken down that the world has suddenly receded from

The name of Dr. Herz is associated everywhere with the last days that Baron Remach passed on earth. It has been thrown in his face that he ran away from Paris by the midnight club train on the night on which the Baron committed ouicide. That was November 19. The truth is that Dr. Herz left on November 27, accord ing to his custom of spending the Christmas season in London with his children, three of whom are at school in England. Two of these young folks are nearly grown-up girls and one is a lad of fifteen, who is at Eton, where he boards with the Rev. Mr. Benson, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The doctor, hearing that there would be amusing Christmas entertainments at the London theatres, was about to recross the Channel to fetch younger children whom he had left in Paris to give them a treat, when the storm, whose premonitory growls he had not noticed, burst It was brought on by M. Millevoye and M. Deroulede denouncing M. Clemenceau in the tribune as the conscious tool of Herz, the spy and agent of the Triple Alliance against France and Russia. Dr. Herz was given credit, or discredit, by both speakers for having urged on Clemenceau to overthrow Ministry after Ministry in rapid succession. This attack should be taken in connection with that made by Baron Mohrenheim on M. Clemenceau in a communication between himself and M. Deroulede some five or six months

M. Clemenceau defended himself strongly when

denounced by the two Boulangist deputies from the tribune of the French Chamber of Deputies. But he would have improved his position had he simply stood by Dr. Herz and owned the diplomatic services which Dr. Herz rendered to France both at Rome and Vienna. M. Clemenceau's position is now weaker than I ever knew it to be since he set up to be the rival of Gambetta. M. Clemenceau, M. Rouvier, M. Spuller and some others were well aware for several years before the fall of Signor Crispi what were Dr. Herz's afforts, with their own co-operation, to detach Italy from the Triple Alliance and thus be able to do without a large military force in the Maritime Alps, Savoy and Dauphine, to say nothing of the forts that are to be built and the six Alpine regiments that were then being formed to serve as a mountaineering corps. But moral courage is not a common virtue of French politicians, and though the politicians named looked forward to reaping glory and wealth from the execution of the Herz scheme, in which they all actively co-operated, not one of them has now the courage to stand by him and own themselves his fellow workers. On the contrary, they are glad that he was being hunted down because it turned attention from themselves, or from men of their several parties in Parliament. He was to be the red herring of the English huntsmen. You perhaps know how that fish is used to turn off the bounds from the trail of the fox which is not to be run to earth just yet, but reserved for sport. Besides, a lot of fellows who owe money to Dr Herz had a little game of their own in view A weman friend of his wife, his letters being ened in the French postoffice whenever they pass that way, flew across the Channel when he was threatened with extradition to implore the friends whom he had obliged to save him because he was determined to commit suicide rather than pass an hour in prison. His suicide was just that they wanted, and instead of staying proceedings for Dr. Herz's extradition they urged on M. Bourgeois, the Minister of Justice, to be quick, and to follow a quite exceptional course of procedure which does not admit of Herz being bailed out should he go before a Bow Street magistrate and an adjournment of the case be demanded by the lawyer of the French Embassy or of the incriminated party. The article of the treaty of extradition was negotiated when the late Duc Decazes was Foreign Minister of Marshal MacMahon, and at a time when political refugees were running in hundreds to England to escape from being judged before courts-martial for common law offences. In return concessions were to be made to Great Britain relative to the capitulations in Egypt. The article in question deals with fugitives fleeing from justice who are likely to escape unless they are given up. Should an adjournment on a first, a second or a third appearance be asked by either party to the case, the magistrate has no choice between dismissing the case and sending back the inculpated party to a cell. Now Herz never once showed a desire to flee from British justice. The fact of his going from London, the easiest place in the world to get away from, to Bournemouth shows this. There are crowded trains leaving London every hour of the day and night, to say nothing of steamers and all kinds of craft. Bournemouth is a small place, the resort of idle invalids, who like to gossip about each other. There is only one railway station, and the Tankerville Hotel the whole of which the doctor has hired for him-

self and his family, is almost a glass house. Bournemouth is a new place. The late Duchess of Westminster and the Queen of Sweden have made it the fashion as a winter health resort. It is near Poole and the southwestern coast of the New Forest-now the only forest that is old in England. It stands above a land-locked bay on high sandhills planted with pines and evergreen trees. The air is balmy and fresh, and one can in all weather walk about without one's boots being soiled with mud. The season is not yet in full swing. The guests at the hotels are mostly reporters, British, American and French, who have come in vain to interview Dr. Herz, or to see him removed to London as a step to a hearing at the Bow Street Police Court, the only one in which, under the treaty, his case can be heard. But they will have to wait a long time, and it may very well happen that the Doctor will only leave Tankerville Hotel borne on men's shoulders, with his feet foremost. He is dangerously ill and the British authorities are not anxious to deliver him up in baste. As they say in the Eastern counties they are "holding the dog." The police officers have received orders to reconcile the utmost vigilance with the utmost courtesy and consideration for the patient-prisoner and his family. They are free access to him by all whom he wishes to see and not to let in any one whose presence might be unpleasant to him. The French Governent claimed the right of its agents to be present at the search for papers which might tend to criminate the prisoner. But this was not suffered. Two of the sharpest men of the Prefecture of Police were sent over several days after the arrest to prevail, with the help of the French Embassy, on Home Office to rummage the Tankerville Hotel. But it was no use doing so and they have gone back to Paris. Before doing so they wanted to elieve that the English police officers tone of whom is a German) were not doing their dutyan allegation utterly unfounded, the surveillance being strict and never relaxing night or day.

Dr. Herz was to have lived at Boscomb Towers e former home of Sir Drummond Wolff; but that residence being still under repair, he bired the whole of the Tankerville Hotel, which faces the highway and may be described as an English villa large enough to house about thirty guests, and surrounded on three sides by a roofed balcony. The grounds are terraced and planted with pines and hedged with evergreens. They descend to the lovely bay and seem much more extensive than ey are on account of the boundary hedges being so low. Inside, the chintz and cheeriness which are characteristics of the parlors and hall proclaim the exceptional fineness of the climate.

As I approached the hotel from the railway I noticed a man of a decidedly Scotland Yard appearance standing at an open window over the hall door. He was the detective on day duty, and was gazing wistfully on a boyy of nurses and children. The hall door, the hotel just now being used as a private house, was shut. When knocked, the domestics doubtless thought that I was a limb of the law e-me on no pleasant message from Scotland Yard. I had twice to repeat my knock before any one came to open When the door was flung back by a neat maid she was visibly agitated, and in that state in which the heart is said to leap out of the mouth I asked for Mrs Herz. No answer, I asked again, but she had not sufficiently recovered from her fright to speak. The hospital nurse who is in attendance on the Doctor ran to speak for the maid, and lost her voice as well. This shows what an emotional, rentimental person the ordinary English girl is. Finally a French governess showed herself. She was mistress of her brain and tongue. In a few minutes she conducted me to a great dining-room which, notwithstanding its vast size, had a cosey air. At a central table sat Mrs. Herz surrounded by relatives and friends who had come to stay with They were all at dinner. Among them were a well-known Belgian painter and his lovely semi-Italian, semi-Spanish wife. Herz was a great patron of the former, and as his wont is, paid him handsomely for his works before his merit was recognized by the picture market. The excellent pair, on learning that Dr. Herz's correspondence was opened in the French Postoffice, came to London to offer to be his Continental letter carriers. Both are devoted to "le Docteur," as they call him. As he is munificent in his ways, the servants at the hotel are all ready to shed tears over him. The pretty and trim hospital nurse, who is the gentlest being alive, grows indignant at "those French locking up so good a man to turn attention from the evil goings on of their dirty politicians." Mrs. Herz, formerly Bianca Saroni, is distinctly

American and Jewish. She is a lady who under all circumstances is mistress of herself. She has liquid black eyes, which are splendidly lustrous as well, speaks with a deliberate air, enunciates well and always finds the right word for what she wants to say. The Doctor, according to her, being weak and pervous. I begged her to tell me about the circumstances which immediately preceded his arrest and any thing else that might occur to her as being of interest for an "interviewer." She began by expressing deep grafftude to the authorities under whose jurisdiction her husband had come for their considerate humanity, and to all the servants of the hotel for their genuine sympathy. "What dear, kind souls they are," she said. "I never realized what kindness lies in English hearts until this trial came upon us. The coolness which Mrs. Herz had been showing here broke down, and she began to cry. There When was a long pause in the conversation. self-mastery returned, she spoke of the French authorities at the Ministry of Justice and at the Embassy in London as having acted with bad faith. There was no sign betrayed by her husband of fleeing from English justice, whatever he might do if he were certain to face French justice. He had left London because his medical attendants had told him that if he passed another week in the thick, foggy air they would not answer for his living much longer. Suffering as he is from Bright's disease, complicated with malady of the nervous system, the first cold he caught might carry him off in the course of the winter. She began to cry again in speaking of the cruel and quite unfounded charges brought against the Doctor of practising espionage. I laughed at this. She fired up a little and assured me that no more terrible accusation, if judged by its penal consequences, could now be made in than that of espionage. It rendered a man liable to trial with closed doors and a long period of the severest penal servitude. Certainly he Doctor is not now exposed to the danger of such a trial. But it was no less certain that, if he were extradited, the judges would keep well in their heads when passing the sentence that the credulous public expected him to be treated as a spy and given the maximum punishment that could meted to the offence for which he might be indieted. The French have many nice ways and But they now suffer from spy are fine artists. madness. Doctor Herz not long ago was cherished as a friend who was constantly obliging them by Clemenceau. Did one of them attempt to stem the torrent of abuse which was being poured upon the Doctor? No. They let him be martyreby a blackmailing press, and dropped away from

ation between Mrs. Herz and the nurse, I was taken up to his bedroom, a large, well-lighted chamber facing south. He was covered up with furs and other wraps, and lying in bed propped up with pillows. I was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance since I had seen him in Paris. But the light hazel eye had lost none of its electrical brilliancy. The under part of the face having become thin, the head gave one the idea of prodigious power. He had not seen a single interviewer since he came from France to London in November, and was glad to talk to some one who knew what his life had been, and who understood the inner lines on which French politicians moved. There was as much fire in his terse speech after he warmed up as in the hazel eyes. The clearness and vigor with which he expressed himself were amazing. He had had, subsequent to his arrest, photographs of the Reinach list of corrupted Deputies brought down from London, where the original documents are in safety. They were shown me, and explanations were given me as to the circumstances under which Reinach gave the list to Dr. Herz. It bears M. Floquet's name, but not that of Baron Mohrenheim or any other ambassador. There is, however, a great member of the Corps Diplomatique deep in the Panama mud, and Dr. Herz holds the papers which prove this. A great European intrigue into which the late Baron Reinach had entered was kild bare to me. It had for its object to readjust the alliances which now bind the central powers together, and to fill the pockets of a syndicate of politicians who were working under the direction of that bold and bad man. They were to have divided among themselves a tremendously big sum which was to have been obtained as a commission on a State loan issued in Paris under the auspices of M. Rouvier and by means of "virements" or transfers credits voted by Parliament from the War and Public Works departments to the Foreign Office, which was to pay the members of the syndicate. This information sounded like a chapter of the 'Arabian Nights" entertainments. But as chapter and verse were given to prove it, I could not regard it as fanciful. Dr. Herz has the key to worse scandals than the Panama one, and they must come out if M. Bourgeois goes on trying to run him to earth.

I asked to see the Doctor. After a consult-

The visit of Dr. Fraser put an end to the interview. He is a keen-eyed elderly Scotchman, and has a great name for the diseases which make wealthy invalids resort to Bournemouth. After he entered a tall detective who had been sitting behind a screen near the foot of the bed ros above It like a jack-in-a-box to be sure that the Doctor was all right. Just before Dr. Fraser entered Dr. Herz fell back exhausted and short of breath. The last symptom seemed to give Dr. Fraser uneasiness.

# POOT M. DUMAS!

From Mrs. Crosse's Reminiscences.

From Mrs. Crosse's Reminiscences.

Of "Dumas le savant" a good story is told. Nothing annoyed the great chemist so much as being mistaken for the novelist. On one occasion a dionination of the most effusive language, and observing that she knew every line of his writings, from "Monte Cristo" to the "Mousquetaires," added: "I bope you will allow me to send you a card for my next soirce." "Madame, I am in no way connected with the writer you slude to." said the savant, with a cold disdain that no asinine, snub-proof coat-of-mail could resist. "Oh, I thought you were the great Mr. Dumas," exclaimed the bewildered lady.

# GOSSIP OF PARIS

CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF LOUIS AVI-THE ARMS OF THE VENUS DE MILO.

Paris, February 3. The weather is treating us very unfairly here, and keeps the unfortunate Parisians in state of continual disappointment, very trying even to the sweetest tempers. Yesterday another sudden change for the better took place, and the mildness of the temperature was such that crowds of people actually were able to sit outside the Boulevard cafes, sipping absinthe and imbibing all kinds of sweet syrups and "mazagrans;" but this morning when Paris awake snow was falling heavily again, and at midday a fog had set in so dense and thick that it would have put to shame London's best mustard-colored vapors, and the gas and electric lights had to be lighted for fear of accidents. These vagaries on the part of the weather are all that was needed to deepen the gloom which reigns supreme in the usually gay French metropolis. As I remarked in my letter of last week, the season is dwindling into nothing, and never has winter been so dismal here, at least since the time of the Commune. Almost all the great houses of both fashionable Faubourgs are closed, some by mourning, and others by the absence of their owners, who have sought refuge on the balmy shores of the Riviera. The Duchess de Doudeau ville, the Princess de Brancoven, the Duchesse d'Uzes, are every one of them far away at the present moment, and one of the only salons yet open is that of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, whose condition is so much improved that he has resumed his usual way of living. Unfortunately, however, his physicians have abandoned all hopes of saving the sight of his left eye, which was injured some time ago by a pellet of shot. Everything that science can do has been tried, to prevent par tial blindness, but as it is impossible to extract the shot imbedded in the pupil without removing the whole eye, the Baron has completely lost the sight of the left, and is threatened with the loss of the right eye as well. This, of course, does not contribute to render the receptions at the Hotel de Rothschild very lively, but still the Baroness, who is very anxious to induce her husband to forget his troubles as much as possible, has resumed

Baron and Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild also keep open house in their residence of the Rue de Monceau since their return from the Villa de Pregny, which they own, on the Lake of Geneva The Baron is once more in perfect health, and ap pears anxious to make up now for his long abstinence from all worldly pleasures. Baron Adolphe is a great book fancier, and his extravagance in that respect can only be compared to his wife's where bric-a-brac is concerned. Their residence on the Rue de Monceau is filled from garret to basement with superb specimens of antique furniture, among which is an entire "meuble de salon which once belonged to Mme, de Montespan, Paroness's collection of iveries, enamels, miniatureand porcelain is celebrated throughout the world, and she possesses some cabinets by Buhl and by Riesener which are absolutely priceless.

Princess Mathilde continues to give an informa dinner once a week, and her Sunday evening reeptions are as brilliant as ever, but with those few exceptions social affairs are at a low obbindeed. I must not, however, omit to state that Princess Gortschakoff, who has at last won her case and who is now in Paris, is also doing a great deal toward lightening up matters by re ceiving her friends every Friday, "en peticomite," it is true, and also by announcing her intention of giving several dances before Lent. The lawsuit of Stourdza versus Gortschakoff has been most complicated and costly. It will be remembered that Princess Gortschakoff was proceeded against by her stepbrother, Prince Gregory Stourdza, with respect to the will of their father. The action was originally heard before the Tri bunal of First Instance, the judges condemning the defendant to return to the estate all the money and securities taken by her, and declaring her not entitled to a share of the legacy left by her mother, the late Princess Vogorides, who, in her case, it was ruled, had laid undue claim to some of her husband's property. The affair has finally been decided in a higher court, which has merely ordered the defendant to return to the paternal estate about \$30,000. The centenary of the death of Louis XVI was

celebrated with much more pomp than usual this year, and most of the parish churches here were crowded to overflowing with mon and women belonging to the highest circles, dressed in deep mass to be celebrated in the Church of St. Francis Xavier. The great doors of the sacred edifice nave of the church was also draped in black, relieved with three shields bearing the arms of the House of Bourbon. This requiem mass was attended by the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, eccompanied by their children, Prince Henri d'Orleans, and Princess Marguerite, the Comte d'Eu, and the Duc and Duchesse d'Alencon. Among the notabilities of the Royalist party present were Comte d'Haussonville, Marquis de Beauvoir. Comte de Chivilly, General de Charette, Due de Doudeauville, Duc de Broglie, Captain Morhain, Comte de Riancy (representing the Due de Nemours), and all the Royalist Senators and Deputies. After the mass the delegates of several of the Royalist committees took their wreaths in cabs to the Chapelle Expiatoire, Boulevard Haussman. The guardian of the building refused to allow the wreaths to be deposited in it. They were consequatly left outside on the steps, while the Royalists were admitted to the sanctuary. They all knelt in front of the marble statue of Louis XVI, while one of them procounced aloud the De Profundis. They then descended into the subterranean chapel, the floor of which is on the level of the former cemetery of the Madeleine, and covers the spot where the bodies of Louis XVI and Marie Autoinette lay buried during one year. After the benediction the commissaries opened a passage in the crowd to permit the members of the Comte de Paris's family to regain their carriages. Two Swiss, carrying halbards, with the points draped with crape, preceded the Due de Chartres, the Due d'Alencon, Prince Henri d'Orleans, etc. At the Madeleine a grand mass also took place at 9 o'clock, the master altar being decorated with ornaments of the first class, by the order of Don Carlos, who, more than ever, poses himself as the chief of the House of Bourbon.

The death of Mme. Haentiens, which occurred a few days ago, has closed one of the last Bonapartist salons in Paris. Mme. Haenfjens was the daughter of Marshal Magnan, and her husband was, during his lifetime, one of the stanchest adherents of the Napoleonic cause. Extremely witty and talented, Mme. Haentjens was universally beloved, and her loss will be sadly felt

Little by little the Bonapartist section of society is passing into absolute oblivion here. Royalism indeed, shows a tenacity of which Bonapartism is evidently incapable. With the death of the Prince Imperial and the transfer of succession to Prince Jerome, all hope died in the heart of the many followers of the cause, especially among those who stood high in social rank, and a retrograde movement immediately took place. Even after the events of 1870, and notwithstanding the terrible disasters which followed, efforts were still made by some of the adherents of the fallen regime to keep the fun going, notably by the Marechale Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angely. After the tragedy in Zululand, all fetes were given up and the Marechale closed her salon in which M. Rouher and other members of the party were wont to meet. Of late years the other Imperialists who have abandoned all their old traditions of hospitality and amusement are the Dac and Duchesse de Mouchy, the Marquise de la Tour-Maubourg, and the Contesse de la Poeze, the two last mentioned having also had family troubles: the Marquise de Gricourt, Mme, de Royer, Mme, Alfred Magne and even the Vicomic and Vicomicses Benedetti, who spend nearly all their time in Fontainebleau, having only a "picdate-rere" in Paris. The Due and Dachesse de Morny avoid all show, and the Prince and Princess Joachim Murat have ceased to make attempts to lead fashion. Two Princesses of the Bonaparter family, Mathilde and Jeanne, still figure prominently, but receive all sections and parties withregime to keep the fun going, notably by the

out distinction. In short, those who have not closed their doors to guests are sensibly recognizing the changed conditions and finding pleasure in being all things to all men and wonten. The Republic has, indeed, amply fulfilled the aspiration and belief of M. Thiers, for he accepted it, not because it seemed to him the best form of government, but because it appeared to divide Frenchmen the least. government, but be Frenchmen the least

The Marquis Henri de Rochefort Lucay is jus The Marquis Henri de Rochefort Lucav is just now the subject of much talk, not only because he has contradicted the principle of a lifetime by himself drawing attention to his aristocratic lineage, but because he has just made revelations concerning the Venus de Milo which are of the greatest interest. In a letter published by all the French art papers, he declares that his uncle, the Londe de Saint-Maut, and his grand uncle, the Duc de Richere, then French Amoassador at Constantinople, who were both present when the great statue was uncarthed at alle, had left sworm statements to the effect that the figure was not armiess when found, but that when the sailors of the French dispatch boat Selonzing to the Embussy at Constantinople were landed for the purpose of armiess when found, but that when the sailors of the French dispatch boat belonging to the Embassy at Constantinople were landed for the purpose of removing the Venus from Milo, they met with a decided resistance on the part of a number of peasants who had been sent by a wealthy Pacha residing in the vicinity to appropriate the newly found treasure in his name. In the struggle which ensued, both arms of the statue were broken off and were hopelessly shattered. The fragments of the arms of the Venus are now hidden away in the Palvis du Louvre, and had apparently been forzotten by all the officials of the Museum until M. de Rochefort recalled the fact to them the other day. It appears that the right hand held the apple which Venus had just been awarded by Paris while the left slightly raised the skirt of her robe, probably to show her perfect ankles to the young shepherd who had been called upon to decide as to the superior beauty of three goddesses. Searches which have been made this week in the records of the National Library and the Foreign office confirm M De Rochefortes statement, and put an end to the many controversies which have razed during so many years with reference to the missing arms of the Venus de Milo. so many years with re of the Venus de Milo

Another question which is of great interest for all artists here is the fact that a petition has been signed by a number of painters begging the Society of French Artists to consider whether it would not be advisable to open the Salon on ociety of French Artists to consider whether it could not be advisable to open the Salon on eptember 1, and to close it at the end of Oc-sher, whereas, until now, the Salon has always pened in May. The reason is that the best work done in the spring and summer months. The resent prinaigement obliges artists to work at their pictures when the hours of daylight are the shortest. It may be mentioned that as far back as 1832 a similar wish was expressed by many artists, among whom were Gros, Ingres and other famous men.

### JUVENILLA.

A little Western boy, less than three years old, was taken to church for the first time. He gized about aith much interest, and finally asked in a clear but awestruck voice: "Mamma, where's God?"

His sister, a few years older, was just learning to read. One day, while conning her book, she suddenly tooked up, with this peculiar question: "Mamma, what oes then' backed up to 'w' spell, and what do hitched on to 'w' spell " It required some thinking to discover she meant "when" and "wha."

A little seven-year-old girl living in Denver wa very foul of "Saratoga crisp." She had an aunt liv-ing in one of the suburbs, on saratoga-ave. The simiarity had evidently struck Janet, for one day when going alone on the electric cars to visit this aunt, the nurse said to her: "Now, Janet, where will you tell the conjuctor you want to get off;" "Oh," was the mick reply, "I don't know; I can't remember the ame of the afreet, but I'll just say it is some kind of potatoes."

is just beginning to learn about God and His all-"is just beginning to learn about Ger and His and powerfulness, and today at table she startled me by giving me one of the arguments I had used upon her. I gave her bread with jelly upon it, and she ate the jelly off and left the bread, whereupon I told her not to do that, but to bite through the bread, slap looked straight at me and said: 'Mamma, God suys to me, "Rosamond, cut the jelly off the top."

su)s to me, "Rosamond, cat the jelly off the top,"

George's mother had company in the parfor one evening when the nurse was away. Mamma put him to bed, and told him to no to sleep like a good boy. He was very mwilling, and was hardly persuaded even when she told him that he would not be by himself, for God was with him and would take care of him. At last he consented, and she went down stairs to her visitors. After an hour's pleasant that she congratulated herself that the baby was fast askep, when what should she see at the parior door but her little bey in his white nightgown, looking as if he had list the perior down from a picture, and saving, pathetically: "Mamma, dear, you tam up and tay wif Dod a while and let me tum in here."

Cast was subbly his six hours.

Carl was rubbing his sick mother's head and trying cure her headache. Supposing him to be in a Carl was rubbing his sick mother's head and trying to cure her headache. Supposing him to be in an unusually tender mood, she asked him what he thought would become of him if she died, when he astonished her by answering cheerfully: "Oh, Papa would get us another mamma."

Florence was visiting her grandmother in the country, where buttermick was a great treat. One day at lunch sweet milk was given to her, whereupen she asked for her favorite buttermilk, and was told there was none that day. "Then why don't you milk the sour cow't" she asked.

didn't know oo was a brown lady."

Little Ellen's mother was very ill, and a neighbor came in to see her, bringing her little girl. Ellen tried to entertain the child by every means in her power, bringing in all her dolls, and finally every plaything she had. But it was of no use; she would not be enticed from her mother's side nor would she speak. Then Ellen stopped and looked at her visitor, and saked, "Is you mad at me," Still the hitle girl's tongue was fied and she would not answer. At last, Ellen's patience being exhausted, her temper arose, and premptly deciding that strong measures alone would answer, she drew back and slapped the child on the check with all her might, exclaiming. There now, is you mad at me, now!" It is needless to say there was an answer at last.

# A STORY OF REINACH.

From The London Globe. From The London Globe.

A Par's correspondent tells a good story of the late Baron de Reinach. Some time before the Baron's tragic demise a fancy-dress ball was given at a friend's house, and he was among the invited guests. During the early part of the evening every one was astonished by the vagaries of a visitor who had donned the cap and bells and "fooled it" so cleverly as to attract general attention. Every one was anxious to know who it was, but he declined to reveal his identity. When the time came to throw off the masks, to the astonishment of all it was seen to be M. de Reinach.

veal his identity. When the time came to throw off the masks, to the astonishment of all it was seen to be M. de Reinach.

The Baron accepted the compliments of his fellow-maskers, and was the hero of the evening. It was not until some time afterward that it was ascertained that he had played a Joke on the people. He had engaged the services of a clown from the circus, who was much of the same build as himself, and had two dresses made alike. The clown, whose acrobatic feats attracted so much attention, was the circus performer, and M. de Reinach only took his place at the end to surprise his friends and receive their congratulations.

# IT REQUIRED BRAINS.

From The Detroit Free Press.

From The Detroit Free Press.

A man from one of the back counties of the Upper Peninsula was leader on the counter talking to the clerk at the Russell House.

"Fine hotel you've got here," he said, shaking a bayseed out of his whishers. "I keep a hotel myself, but tain nothin' like this,"

The clerk smiled and nodded complacently.

"Just the same it takes brains to run it," he went on. "Man in this business can't know too much."

"The public says we hotel clerks do," returned the clerk modestly.

"Yes, I know; but that's pokin' fun at you, I say yon can't know too much. Frinstance, in my case now. Last week a guest come to my place and registered himself as a United States Senator, Now, if I hadn't knowed all about the power and dignity and 'fluence of a Senator, I would 'a' got left. But I was posted, and I throwed the house open to him; sent drinks up every night, cecktails every morning; give him the run of the bar durin' the day; set out the cigars; took him out in my best livery rig to see the fown and the chance the Government had for improvin' our river and givin' us a public buildin', and kept him there on the fat of the land for four days and never said a word about pay. If I'd been ignorant I'd as like as not spilled the whole business, but I wasn't, you see."

"What State was the Senator from?" inquired the clerk.

I wasn't, you see."
What State was the Senator from?" inquired the

"What State was the Senator from?" inquired the clerk.
"Arizony."
The clerk gagged and got red in the face.
"Arizons!" he repeated.
"Yes, Arizony; don't you know where that is?"
"Of course, of course," replied the clerk; "but Arizona is no State. It's a territory and doesn't have any Senators, at all."
"Wha—wha—what i" gasped the visiting hotel keeper, and the clerk explained and then got down a book and proved it to him and the Upper Peninsulate fore up and down the office awhile, and finally went away and drowned his sorrow in the flowing bowl.

withal a gentleman in the best acceptation of the word. Yet, when Inspector Thomas displayed at the late Jamaica Colonial Exhibition a remarkably rich collection of Obeah charms and relics, together with an acceunt of the practices for which they were used, this best representative of his people, who was chairman of the committee in charge, ordered their removal on the ground that they were likely to do more harm than good so displayed. It is small wender that the more ignorant blacks on every hand halied this as a proof that the gentleman in question, notwithstanding his elevation in the social scale, still believed in "de Obeah," and feared to win the enmity of Ob or his priests. And there were to be found not a few of the leading whites who assured me privately that they too believed that fear of the ancient cult and its workings, and not expediency as claimed, was at the bottom of his action.

## LADY LI'S FUNERAL.

SOME EXTRAORDINARY RITES

A correspondent of "The North China Herald" gives an interesting account of the procession connected with the depositing of the remains of Lady Li in the inclosure prepared for them, pending their transfer to the family burying ground in the Province of Anhul. The time the procession occupied in passing a given point was five hours. One may attempt but utterly fail in presenting an adequate description of this funeral cortege. To one who has never witnessed anything of the sort, no word painting can bring it before the mind's eye other than in a very general Each variety of article carried in processio way. night be referred to en masse, but as many things of the same kind appeared frequently in different ; of the procession, probably a better conception of the extent and magnificence of the display will be give by noting each component part of the display as it assed along. The procession appeared to be in sec tions, although, except in the case of the first section here seemed to be no occasion for division other than in the fact of breaks in the continuity and delays in the progress.

The first section consisted of paper ornaments and representations of various kinds to be burned at the place of deposit of the coffin. First were prostrate images, about ten feet long, of the wardens of the ower regions-one black, the other white. Following these were a stork, two tigers, four lions and two elephants, bearing urns and flowers. Next a large number of flags, a company of servants, and underlings with various gilded articles, mainly emblems of an thority. Then nineteen tables, or platforms, each orne by two men, and containing urns, clocks, vases flowers, censors, coral and jade ornaments, tablets, bells, etc., followed by eight mounted outriders, a omnany of servants, a sedan, more underlings, o official servants, of whom thirteen were mounted. some of these paper figures were very good, others nere carleature A long break and delay in the procession occurred

The next section was led by the ordinary funeral band, then a red cloth tablet with gilt ettering, about ten feet high, carried on a platform small company of soldlers, another funeral band, canners, silk and gilt insignla of authority, trumpets a large square canopy of yellow silk, and silvered lamps and censers carried by petty officials. A number of official "umbrellas," or circular canoples, made of various colored silks, came next; a yellow tingtze shrine, draped with silk tassels, and with horn lanterits at the projections; flags, and several scores of red tablets inscribed with complimentary charac ters in gilt, and borne by soldiers. Here occurred mother break and delay. A large gong headed the third section, followed by a large red official umbrella, a number of triangular black flags having gilt characers on them; then silk or silvered ornaments or emblems of authority such as are carried in official boys fancifully dressed, and each having two long pear owl feathers in his head gear, followed by a company of lictors and a brass band with foreign instruments not playing, and a small company of infantry armed with foreign rifles. Testimonial silk canoples fol-lowed from the Widows' Home (established by the Viceroy, or Lady Li), the fire companies and others; also two of woollen stuffs, one from the pawnshops ind one from other shops, all borne by soldiers. followed a company of horsemen bearing flags, bows pany of officials, followed by a troop of boys fan-instically dressed, carrying flowers, and another funeral band. Next came four tiegtze, or shrines, of vellow silk on platforms, each borne by four men, and containing glass cases, in which were embroidery, bonds and other articles of ornamentation. After

these were censers, mounted men and footmen carrying banners and round canopies, some of which were richly embroidered; then a large drum, a funeral band, consers and a very pretty shrine.

Then followed the finest display of the whole, consisted of forty or fifty round canopies, 5 or 6 fe in diameter and 6 or 7 feet long. They were made of silk, some of one color, but generally of two or three strips running around, the varied colors and shades harmonizing beautifully. Some were of figured tilk, some were embroidered, and on some were bit of applique, while all had silk streamers, and most or all borders of slik fringe. Prettily made slik tags, on which were inscribed the names of contributors, and in some cases tipped with tiny bells, hung in rows A little Kenturky girl, kind and polite, went into he kitchen one morning to see her "Old Mammy" and around the sides, so closely in many cases that only wayy lines of the capopy itself appeared between the shaking tags as they were borne along. A company of Taoist priests came next, playing their flutes, a

company of literati, embroidered banners and canopie trampets, a funeral band, pendant serolis and censers, and a company of boys with drums and cymbals, under and a company of boys with drums and cymbals, under a square canopy of yellow silk. More silk scrolls and canopies followed. Then came a number of scrolls and canopies made of evergreen, on the latter of which were applique birds. Four tables of flowers followed, an evergreen canopy, incense, shrine, and scrolls and canopies of embroidered white silk. The mounting band, dressed in white and playing flutes, was followed by silver frames in which were pendant articles of ornamentation draped with white silk fringe, white silk scrolls, censers, canopies, a company of Buddhist priests and their music, a company of titerati, and canopies and scrolls made of incense sticks.

Following these were four tables, on which were a paper animal, two llons, an elephant and a unicorn.

Following these were four tables, on which were a paper animal, two lions, an elephant and a unicorn; canopies and shrine made of incense sticks; another company of Buddhist priests and music, white pendants, canopies of white and blue slik pulnted and embroidered, trumpeis, gong and cymbals, tablest borne by soldiers, a shrine and canopies of pure white slik, pendants of figured white slik on silvered supports, another company of literati, soldiers with tablets and another funeral band. A company of paper maidens came next, elaborately dressed and bearing flowers, with attempts at smiling faces, betokening their pleasant duty of welcoming the spirit of Lady Li to the land of shades. Mounted military officials followed these, and then the long mourning trumpets with tremions blast preceded the chief mourners. The bier, or catafalque, was covered with gilt embroidered plum-colored satin, which entirely covered the coffin. Passing through the catafalque above the coffin was a long timber, finished at the front with a dragon's head having a long flowing beard, and the back with a corresponding tall, emblem of the imperial permission and authority by which the remains were honored with a passage and procession through the city. The bler was followed by a company of horsemen dressed in white costs and mounted on white steeds, while last of all were two official chairs draped in mourning, and nineteen sedans, in which were borne the female mourners.

# AN ENGLISH NOTE ON PHILLIPS BROOKS.

From The London Spectator.

From The London Spectator.

Those in England who were accustomed to look forward to his too rare appearance in London pulpits as to a sort of golden opportunity for new thought and fresh inspiration, will sympathize deeply with American Christians who have suffered this great because the controversy which was associated with his name when the Cowley Fathers, in alarm at what they thought to be latitudinariasm, withdrew one of their own number from fellowship with him. And they will remember only the strength, purity and nobleness of his teaching, his scholarly and chastened cloquence, his deep insight into character, and his extraordinary power of lifting up every subject he discussed into a higher region than that of theological discussion—the region in which conscience and the voice of God are clearly audible, in which the small interests of life seem smaller, and the great ones greater, because both are seen in the light of dearly bought spiritual experience, of profound faith, and of boundless hope.

### A REVOLVING GRAND STAND. From The Chicago Inter Ocean.

From The Chicago Inter Ocean.

P. P. Cuplin, of West Bend, Jowa, was at the Victoria yesterday. Mr. Cuplin has invented a device which he believes will make the royal sport of racing even more popular than it now is. It is a revolving grand stand, a contrivance that will save the investor in pool kickets the inksome labor of craning bits neck and straining his vision to see how his ducats are being carried. The grand stand is supposed to revolve as the races go, and the occupants are always facing the horses in their journey to the wire. The inventor's idea for the mechanical contrivance of a revolving stand is to have it set in a shallow basin filled with water, but he discreetly withholds particulars as to the application of power, but says that it is just as practicable with a stand of 50,000 chairs as with one of 5,000. The judges' stand is to be constructed as an ordinary devator. The cage will be gradually raised when the horses start until such a height is reached that the judges may see the horses passing behind the stand through the open space between the roof and the flain part of the stand, or between the upper and lower sections if the stand comprises two stories.

### UNEXPECTED WEALTH From The Spectator.

From The Speciator.

I have heard it said by a friend of the late Albert Way, the well-known archaeologist, that he came by a fortune in this wise. Crossing Pall Mail he cannoned agrinst an old gentleman, and discomfitted him. After mutual apologies and the interchange of civilies, cards were exchanged, and on each card was imprinted "Mr. Albert Way." The older gentleman dying had no natural heir, and left his fortune to the other Albert Way.

ITALY'S FINANCIAL SCANDALS

THE KINGDOM STARTLED BY THE PERIL OF THE NATIONAL FINANCES. Never before has there been a year so pro-

lific in financial scandals affecting the various governments of Europe as that of 1892-93, In Lisbon last summer one of the leading states. men of the country was deprived of his offices and honors and committed to prison for frauds committed in connection with the railroad department during his term of office as Cabinet Minister. In France there have been several ministerial crises in connection with the Panama Canal Company revelations. At Berlin the sense of security tel by the German nation in the organization, and above all, in the armament of its army, has been shaken to its foundation by the frauds brought to light by the Anti-Semitic leader, Rector Ahlwards in connection with the testing of the rides many factured for the Government by the Loewe Small Arms Company; and now we have here a financial scandal of such magnitude, and compromising m many of the principal statesmen of the Kingdon that it is regarded by many of the shrewdest and most far-sighted of observers as endangering the throne. The scandal here seems to be even more far-reaching and disgraceful than that of Panama at Paris. It shows that many of the most powerful Ministers have made use of their position to same tion fraudulent operations on the part of the principal banking institutions of the country in return for large bribes. Indeed, the situation here may be described as far more serious than that in France, since the revelations made there, however damaging to the reputation of the official and parliamentary classes, do not directly affect the mational credit, as do those on this side of the Alpa The history of the present series of scandals goes

back to the great financial crisis of 1889, when Signor Gjolitti, now Prime Minister, was Minister of the Treasury in the Crispi Cabinet. The Tiberina Bank, deeply involved in the building speculation here, being then on the verge of bankrupter, invoked the assistance of the Government. In response to this Messrs. Crispi and Giolitti put pressure on the National Bank to advance it \$10,000. 000, which has never been refunded, and on which no interest has been paid. At the same time a secret Government inquiry was made into the affairs of the leading Italian banks, the result of which, embodied in an elaborate and damaging report drawn up by the late Senator Alvisi, was pigeon-holed and kept secret by the Government which apprehended that the National credit would be greatly injured by its publication. A few weeks ago the Government submitted to

the Legislature a proposal for a six years' extension of the Banking law which has hitherto been in force, and which is now about to expire Great was the consternation of the Ministers when they found that the measure was opposed by a Sici lian Radical Deputy named Napoleone Colaianni, who has played in the Italian Parliament the same role as that enacted by Deputy De la Have in the Palais Bourbon at Paris. Almost at the very outset of his speech against the projected bill he confronted the Ministers with the damaging report of Senator Alvisi above referred to as having been kept secret by the Government No one knows how it has come into his hands. His charges, founded on the paper in his hands, were directed principally against the great Banca Romana, and consisted, among other things, of an assertion that it kept a duplicate series of notes each set bearing the same numbers; in circulation, thus fraudulently exceeding its legal issue by 100 per cent. It is calculated that by this means the bank has an illegal circulation of some \$6,000,000. This state of things, repeated in a smaller degree by the other banks of emission, had become known during the last two or three years, and has led to the institutions in question being blackmailed by various statesmen, Government officials and politicians under threats of exposure It is asserted by Deputy Colaianni, who bases his statements on documentary proof, that not onlyvolved, hold in their portfolios an immense numbe of promissory notes signed by various personar of prominence and influence. These have until now been termed "patriotic notes," and have been renewed from time to time, without either signatories or indorsers being called upon to pay them. Deputy Colaianni showed that \$2,000,000 in the current accounts of the Banca Romana had been opened abusively, and that the same institution had divided \$2,400,000 among friends worthy of special consideration. Considering that some 150 revelations, it is not surprising that such extraordinary latitude has been allowed to the bank in its operations.

The sensation caused by the speech of Deputy Colaiani throughout Italy can only be compared to that caused by the address of M. De la Haye in the French Chamber at the outset of the recent Panama Company crisis, and the public at once began to clamor for a full and rigid investigation. The latter was at once inaugurated by order of the Minister of the Interior, and the inquiry thus instituted has already resulted in the discovery that some \$8,000,000 is mysterlously missing from the deposits entrusted to the great Bank of Rome, and in the arrest of Senators Tanlongo, president of the bank, and of Baron Lazzaroni, chief cashier of the establishment Baron Cucinello, president of the great Bank of Naples, has likewise been lodged in jail on a charge of having embezzled a sum of 3,000,000 frances Numerous arrests, including that of Signer Mon zilli, principal Government Supervisor of Banks have already taken place, and many more are hourly expected, the names of those alleged to be incriminated comprising that of Baron Nicotera, Minister of the Interior in the Crispi Cabinet, and of Commander Ratazzi, Minister of the Royal Household. All the persons arrested until now are incarcerated in the great Carcere Nuove prison, excepting Signer Tanlongo, a man of seventy years of age, who is too ill to be moved. being confined to his own house under the careful watch of the police. He is a very remark able man, and has for thirty years been regarded as the greatest authority in the Kingdom in all financial questions, besides being credited with the possession of a vast fortune. There are quite of banks in various parts of the country who are now, in the hope probably of saving themselves by turning State's evidence, coming forward with startling revelations concerning the extent to which they have been blackmailed of late years by Government officials and politicians, and to those who are acquainted with the extraordinary number of crimes of violence in Italy, and with the cheapness in which human life is held here, it would afford but small surprise to hear of murder of some of these would-be informers by the hands, or at the instigation, of those whom the bankers are prepared to denounce.

Meanwhile the country is suffering from inevitable consequences of all these disgraceful disclosures, and a number of old established banking firms, including the well-known house of Guerrini & Co., have closed their doors. The financial institutions in Italy have by no means recovered from the shock caused a few years ago when the great real estate bubble burst They are still carrying vast masses of unrealizable assets, in which they locked up their resources when that speculative fever was at its It is notorious also that the municipalities are in an equally bad way, and that not a few of them are absolutely insolvent. The Central Gov ernment has, from time to time, done all that it could to bolster them up, but the Government itself is in need of every lira it can command The currency is going from bad to worse, and there is now no metallic money in circulation nor any present possibility of remedying the evils resulting from that circumstance, and business is seriously hampered in consequence.

THE PENNSYLVANIA'S WASHINGTON TRAINS. The superb service of trains run by the Pennsylvania Railroad between New-York and Washinston r ales this the favor e line to the Capital. The trains we fast and poquent